

*this is not me as I do not sit in*  
**Back Seat Radio**

By William Herschell *the back seat*

THINGS all has gone twisted at our house,  
Ma hardly ain't speakin' to Pa;  
Pa says if she don't quit her meddlin'  
He'll git her took up by th' Law!

OUR RADIO'S caused all th' trouble,  
It started with somethin' Pa said,  
Which give our poor Mother hysterics  
An' sent her off—weepin'—to bed.

PA SAID: "When we first got our flivver  
You rode th' back-seat like a queen;  
Then clean overlooked I was drivin'  
An' started to boss th' machine!

"LOOK out Pa,' you yelled, 'fer th' sidewalk!  
Look out, Pa, you'll kill yonder child!  
Look out, Pa, you'll skin up a fender—  
Stop, Father, you're drivin' too wild!"

"WELL, I took all that, you remember,  
I tried to be civil an' sweet;  
But just throw your brain into neutral—  
This radio's got no back-seat!

"I SIT at th' dial, huntin' Pittsburg,  
You stand at my back—with th' kids—  
Demandin' I turn to Atlanta  
Fer jazz-chirps from He-Katydids!

"I TUNE in to pick up th' schoolhouse  
Regardin' th' basketball game;  
You want Zion City to warble:  
'Us Women Ain't Never to Blame!' "

OH, THINGS is all twisted at our house,  
There's nothin' but static an' fuss;  
Won't some one be good to us children  
An' sing "Home, Sweet Home" just fer us!